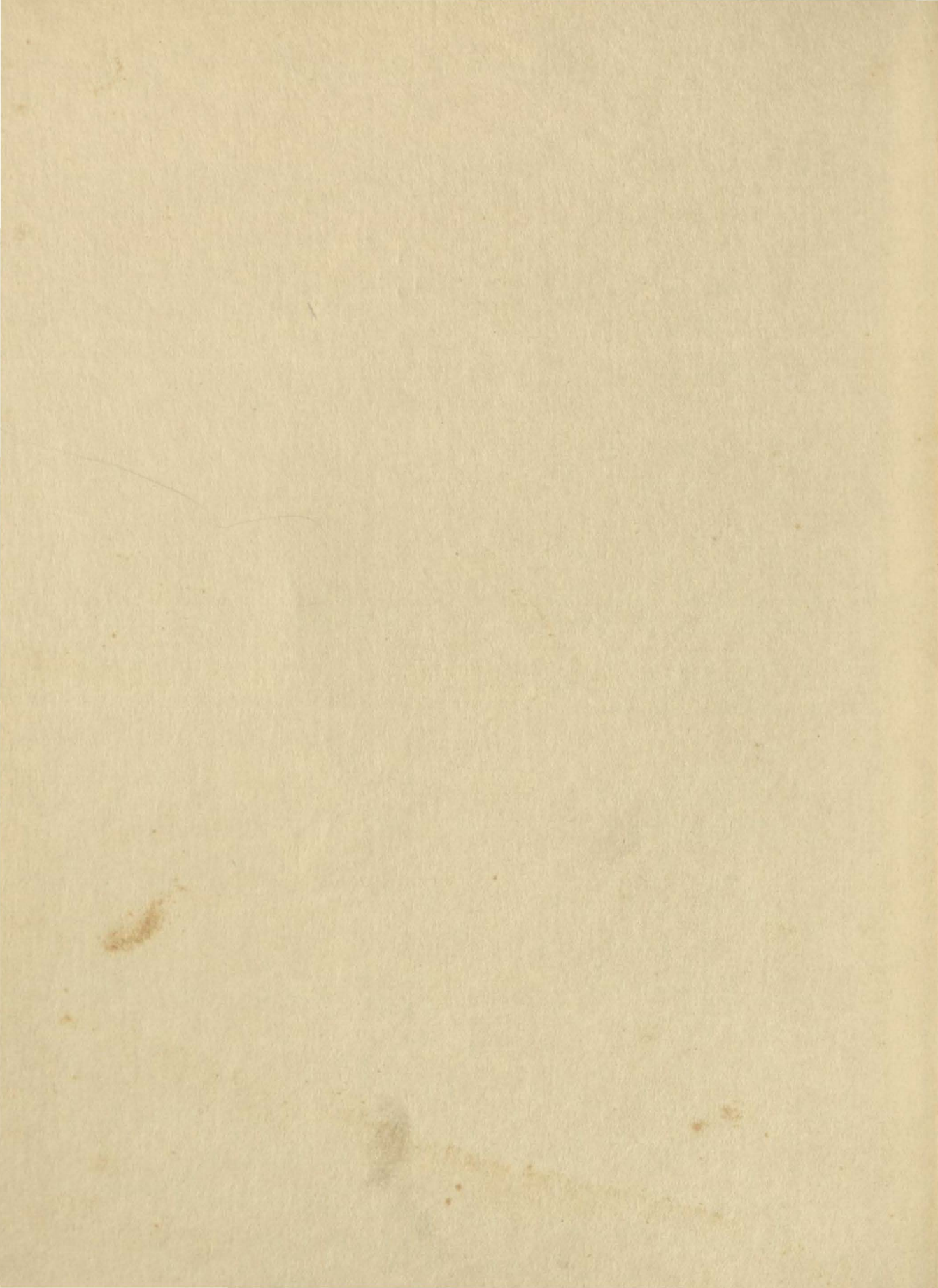


THE
WESLEYAN





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"Oh! That Was High School Stuff!"

MARTHA HERMANN

Girls of seventeen usually pride themselves on being quite capable of managing their own affairs, and I was no exception. So Nicky my pal from "matching dress and pantie" days, had rather taken a back seat.

Nicky was four years older than I, and for some reason that I had long ago stopped trying to figure out, had never seemed to tire of me tagging around after him. I know I must have been a bitter pill for Nicky's dates to swallow, because for the three years before I could have dates I'd gone places with Nicky and his girls.

But they always came back for more, and looking at Nicky one could easily see why. Tall, well-built, goodlooking—the boy the proverbial maiden hopes to see when she opens her eyes after the amen.

As I've said, I was managing my affairs at the moment and Nicky was looking on in bland amusement. Woody, the catch of Riverport, was the current beat of my heart. Rich, goodlooking, and sporting a maroon convertible in which we traveled the miles up and down the beach, I knew I was the object of many envious glances—ho-hum—

I had explained to Nicky all about how wonderful Woody was, what we talked about, where we went—and no matter

what I said, Nicky would look down at me and grin that funny slow grin and say: "Nice going, Sally, kid."

That guy had no enthusiasm whatsoever! Golly darn!

Nicky never asked me if I was in love with Woody, though I probably would have said yes. I would get that weak funny feeling whenever he appeared. My heart seemed to have suddenly learned to do a fanfare, and my stomach would feel kind of queer. Now that I look back, it could have been those double chocolate sundaes at Markey's or those extra special editions of hamburgers that you read about on Ptomaine Ptom's menus.

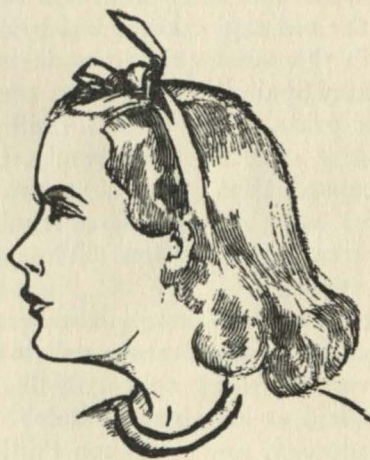
But whatever it was mattered little, and I cared less. I was having a wonderful

time—skies were blue, cars were maroon, and the yacht club dance was two weeks off!

Woody hadn't said anything yet, but it hadn't entered my head to worry.

"We're always dashing about so that he's just forgotten to mention it," I told Nicky when he asked if we were going.

Still, it was sort of queer—I mean you know what the club dance means in Riverport. It's the thing everybody turns out for. So after a couple more days of silence on the subject of the dance, I decided to drop a subtle hint.



Sally

"I'm going into the city tomorrow afternoon, Woody. Wanta go help me pick out a dress for the dance?"

Also, I thought, he'll know about what kind of flowers to—

"Oh, yes, Sally, honey. Been meaning to tell you. I'm afraid I'm going to be out of town for the dance. Cal and I had forgotten about it, and we're planning to run up to Lakemont that weekend."

I looked at Woody. Could he possibly mean that?

"Oh, but Woody, can't you make it another weekend? I mean, after all, it's the yacht club dance and I wanted you to go—"

"Sorry, honey, I'm afraid it will be impossible."

And that was that! Sally emitted a quiet damn which, under the circumstances, no one could condemn. Here two weeks before the dance, and no date! That was just the pay-off. And the thing that hurt most was Woody's complete indifference to my plight.

Of course, there was still Nicky. At the moment, he was not entangled by love's meshes, so that meant he was probably planning to go stag. Come to think of it Nicky had steered clear of attachments all summer. Queer——?

So your little resourceful Sally puts a plea in Nicky's sympathetic ear, and pours out the sad tale. And the old darling came through just as I knew he would. But he kind of talked through his teeth or something, and I knew that meant storm signals were up—but I also knew Nicky well enough to know that when he got ready to let me in on the dope, he would, and not before. So I kept my mouth shut and sat tight.

The night of the dance rolled around, and I was in the kitchen gulping down the glass of milk I always manage to forget at dinner and Mother always manages to re-

member eventually, when Nicky walked in. My heart skipped a beat. That glorious tan with the snow white mess-jacket—well, it was a little too much even for sophisticated Sally. I wondered how long it had been since I had really looked at Nicky. Anyway, I'd certainly never realized he could look like the dream he did now.

"Hi, Sally! Did you know your little pal didn't go to Lakemont after all?"

"No!" I no'd, that was the pay-off. Guess I'd fixed him. Now he didn't have a date for the dance and hadn't been able to go off. Oh, glee!

Now, thinking back to that night, I can remember the stern, white line penciled around Nicky's handsome mouth, and that funny light in his eyes. But I was so interested in Woody's not going that I paid no attention.

So Nicky and I went to the dance. It was wonderful, and I knew I had never looked better. My hair was piled high in front, and resting there quite casually was a perfectly wonderful white orchid! Nicky's touch. Woody never sent me anything more sophisticated than roses—but I loved them. In fact, I would have adored dandelions if Woody sent them. Still, it was pretty swell to be the only kid in my crowd to rate an orchid for the dance.

Woody broke on me time after time. I could hardly take more than three steps before he'd be back again, and I wasn't floating in the clouds, I was going full speed ahead.

Then, like we always do, our crowd started drifting out on the terrace to gossip. Couple by couple, out they went. The next time Nicky broke, I suggested we follow the rest.

"Sure thing, kidlet."

As we walked toward the arched doors, we heard a burst of laughter from Woody,

(Continued on page 23)

"THE CROCUS IS A WITHERING FLAME"

By RUTH CORRY

"The crocus is a withering flame"
That stirs while it delights—
Or is that too light a phrase
For a Sibelius symphony or a Beethoven
Or a Tschaikovsky or even
A waltz by Strauss—
Or a profile that shadows have made up—
Or the gold and purple protest of a dying
day—
Or the way white clouds lie over build-
ings or a hill—
Or the way burning leaves smell
Or a pipe or even steak—
Or the way fresh clothes feel in summer
Or a leather jacket and boots in snow—
Or a perfectly expressed reaction—
Even a law of physics—
Or the new worlds and changing moods
writers send you into—
Clean white paper and ink—
Illustrations and paintings and even
jokes—
And arrayed colors and blended sounds—
Or the way someone's shoulders swing—
Or a pair of new shined shoes.
All these, perfect in themselves
Whole though fleeting experiences
Some are everyday things, some rare
But all have a certain unchanging vital
quality
As of things arrived at suddenly
But never forgotten.
This much stirring trains us
To sense things well proportioned.

Broadway via Wesleyan

RITA SANTRY

From Wesleyan where she was president of the Dramatic club, to Broadway where she has a promising theatrical career, has been a short but experience-crammed hop for Eugenia Rawls, '32, who studied dramatics and languages at Wesleyan and calls Dublin, Georgia, home.

This winter, Miss Rawls will appear in Atlanta as the ingenue lead in the current stage hit, "The Little Foxes," starring Tallulah Bankhead.

Immediately after completing her work at the conservatory, she began to prepare for the kind of stage success that about one out of every thousand young dramatic hopefuls ever achieve. Her first year out of college was spent at the University of North Carolina working with the Playmakers. Next came two months perched on the doorstep of the famous Hedgerow Theatre in Philadelphia where her southern accent was her greatest handicap.

Giving up the Hedgerow as hopeless, Miss Rawls addressed and licked envelopes in Town Hall, spent three months on a show boat in Long Island Sound, and, through electrical transcriptions, helped sell fertilizer to every southern farmer within earshot of a 20-watt radio station.

In a nine month tour of the United States and Canada with the New York Children's Theatre, Miss Rawls obtained some of her most valuable experience, and in Canada, learned to fake a British accent that won her her first part on Broadway, as one of the boarding school students in "The Children's Hour" (later made into a motion picture "We Three")

Her first lead was as the 15-year-old child bride in "Journeyman", a play by another Georgian, Erskine Caldwell.

Summer before last, Miss Rawls spent working seven shows a day to bring Shakespeare before World's Fair audiences.

Then came her biggest part, the role as Tallulah Bankhead's daughter. In "The Little Foxes", she is the daughter of a big-idea-ed family in a small Southern town. Throughout the play she is troubled by the selfish greed of her elders until finally she summons enough courage to "tell them where to head in."

However far from feeling that she has "arrived" as an actress, she believes that her career is only beginning, so she fills most of her spare time with studying diction, dancing, music and anything that she thinks will help her acting.

Miss Rawl's first favorable press reviews came, not from New York critics, but from Macon reviewers of Wesleyan plays. One criticism credited her with "an unusually fine performance that redeemed the otherwise amateurish and affected acting of the program."

The review goes on to say that "As Mary, the ragged young wife, Miss Rawls was poignantly silent through long minutes, pitfully courageous in stilling the cries of her hungry child, and again suddenly shocking in desperate tears. Her voice was always affecting and her gestures movingly simple."

In an early interview, this former Wesleyan
(Continued on page 22)

SACRIFICE

FRANCES JONES

CHARACTERS

Mrs. McGuire, semi-invalid; age sixty
 Dan McGuire, her son, twenty-five
 Mrs. Lutz, a neighbor, old but sturdy
 Ruth, another neighbor; young and frail
 Nora, young girl in love with Dan—

Doesn't appear on the stage
 Other Neighbors

SCENE: (*Tenement flat of the McGuires. The room is square and ugly. The walls are painted a muddy tan; one small window which overlooks a narrow dirty street has curtains which have given up the struggle for freshness, and hang limp and dingy; a table occupies center of the room with a cheap, very ornate lamp hanging over it; there is a screen in one corner, behind which is a gas range, a sink and a cabinet of dishes; an overstuffed plush couch is near the table, and a daybed and several chairs complete the furnishings. The walls are bare. A door leads to the hallway.*)

TIME: (*evening of a hot summer day*)

(*As the play opens Mrs. McGuire is lying on the couch, darning a sock. The window is open, and sounds of children shouting, a victrola playing, and various noises from the crowded street penetrate the room.*)

(*A knock is heard outside the door. Mrs. Lutz enters.*)

MRS. LUTZ: Good evenin'. Thought I'd come up an' set awhile if you wasn't lyin' down. How you feelin' today?

MRS. MCGUIRE: Oh, same as usual. Don't feel like movin' 'round much. Dan-

ny's gone to see Nora an' I been kind of lonesome.

MRS. LUTZ: I ain't seen Nora since she moved. Reckon she don't like to come back to this old place now she's livin' in one of them fine new flats.

MRS. MCGUIRE: No, it isn't that. She's workin' at the dime store now, so she can help out on the rent. The government's chargin' a lot, Danny says.

MRS. LUTZ: I thought she an' Danny'd be married by now. They ain't busted up or nothin' have they?

MRS. MCGUIRE: No. They want to get married, but with things like they are—Danny not makin' any more than he is, an' havin' to pay for all my doctor bills an' medicine,—I don't know. Seems like—

MRS. LUTZ: (*interrupting*) Well, they got plenty of time. 'T'won't hurt 'em to wait awhile.

MRS. MCGUIRE: They don't want to wait tho. They ought to have their happiness while they're young. If I could just get better so I wouldn't be such a burden on Danny, maybe they could manage. Not that he's ever said anything, understand, but I know it's me that's keepin' 'em apart. (*A timid knock is heard. Ruth enters. She is small, and pale, with frightened eyes. In her hand is a boiler.*)

RUTH: I hate to bother you, Mrs. McGuire, but my stove's broken again, and I wanted to heat some gruel for the baby.

MRS. MCGUIRE: Sure, Ruth. There's some matches on the shelf. (*Ruth removes*

screen from in front of stove and puts gruel over a jet.)

MRS. LUTZ: Why don't Mrs. Monroe have that stove fixed? Did you tell her it was broken again?

RUTH: No'm. I'm scared to say anything, 'cause we're behind on the rent. Anyway, it wouldn't do any good, I don't guess. Tony's been tellin' her about the staircase bein' broken for I don't know how long, and she just says she'll report it to the agency, an' then nothin's ever done about fixin' it.

MRS. LUTZ: We've all been fussin' about them steps for years. The railin'll have to crash through an' kill somebody 'fore anythin's done, I guess. *(Ruth crosses to a chair near the couch and sits down wearily.)*

MRS. MCGUIRE: You look tuckered out, Ruthie.

RUTH: I'm worried, Mrs. McGuire—about Tony. He can't find a job anywhere, an' he's tried so hard! *(begins to cry)* We haven't got much money left, an' I don't know what'll happen to us if he doesn't get one soon. *(sobs)*

MRS. MCGUIRE: There now, honey, don't take on so.

RUTH: He's gettin' discouraged, too, lookin' day after day without any luck. I wish we could go back to the country so the baby could have plenty of milk an' fresh air, but Tony said he'd starve 'fore he'd live off my folks.

MRS. LUTZ: Why, Tony's a smart young fellar, an' somethin's bound to turn up soon.

RUTH: That's what I keep tellin' myself, but sometimes things look so hopeless, I get scared. *(she rises and takes gruel from stove)* I'm sorry I let go of myself. Guess I'd better get back to the baby. Thanks for the stove, Mrs. McGuire.

MRS. MCGUIRE: Any time at all, Ruth—and don't worry, honey, it'll work out. *(Ruth goes out)* Poor child! It don't seem fair for two as young as they are to have so many worries. And to think, that might be Danny and Nora! It tears my heart out to think of the burden I am to Danny, when I'd give my life to make him happy.

MRS. LUTZ: You hadn't ought to say that. Why, when you was able, you done everything—*(Dan enters. He looks haggard and desperate)*

DAN: H'lo, Mrs. Lutz. *(Goes to window and stares into space)*

MRS. LUTZ: *(gets up)* H'lo, Danny. I was just leavin'. Let me know if I kin do anythin' for you.

MRS. MCGUIRE: Thank you. Glad you came up. *(exit Mrs. Lutz)*

MRS. MCGUIRE: How's Nora?

DAN: All right I guess.

MRS. MCGUIRE: Is the apartment pretty?

DAN: Um hum, it's nice. *(Turns from window and paces the room.)*

MRS. MCGUIRE: What's the matter, Danny?

DAN: Nothin', 'cept—

MRS. MCGUIRE: 'cept what?

DAN: Nora told me not to come back any more.

MRS. MCGUIRE: No, Danny!

DAN: *(he sits down next to his mother, and runs his hands through his hair)* Oh, I don't know! I don't know! She says she can't bear it to go on any longer with things like they are. I don't blame her.

MRS. MCGUIRE: Does she still love you?

DAN: *(Nods, get up and walks restlessly)* But what have I got to offer her? She hated this dirty fire-trap—all the filth and ugliness. You oughta see their new

(Continued on page 27)

AMAZING ISLANDS

RUTH POWELL

It's true of almost all Americans that when we hear the phrase—The Philippine Islands, there pops into our minds a hazy idea of some coral specks on a geography-book blue Pacific, decorated with sugar cane and populated with swarms of natives, most of them barefooted. On this picture we may see superimposed a few newsreel shots of native politicians in white linen suits (and, amazingly, shoes), and a big black headline "The Japanese Menace in the Philippines." But to most of us the idea that in the Philippine Islands 50,000 white people actually live, and like it, comes as a surprise. It did to me. When Ruth Powell, a Wesleyan freshman, told me that she was born there, and that she only left to come to high school and college in the States, and that her father and grandfather lived out there now, I grabbed my notebook and my best journalistic manner, and with a quick peek at the Atlas to see whether the Islands are south or north of the Equator (they're north) I cornered our globe-trotting freshman and with her as my guide, took a quick tour of the group of islands which lies less than three hundred miles east of China and more than seven thousand miles west of San Francisco, and is technically known as the Philippine Archipelago.

My guide took me first to Manila, the capital and largest city, and the port by which most visitors enter the islands. The first thing that impresses the tourist who is expecting a primitive civilization is the sight of the island of Corregidor, just at the mouth of Manila Bay. Here is a small

modern city and an important and well fortified U. S. military base atop a high rock which is sometimes called "The Gibraltar of the East". After passing across Manila Bay, which is almost completely rimmed by lush green and dazzling white shores, backed by blue volcanic mountains, where ships from all parts of the world and U. S. naval vessels are lying at anchor, we docked at the longest pier in the world, and got out onto the broad paved avenues of Manila, a city of nearly half a million inhabitants and with a history which dates back centuries before America was discovered.

Scorning the new model automobiles lined up at the curb, we took a "carromata", a little two wheeled cart drawn by an undersized pony called "cabayo". The Rickshaws of other oriental countries are never seen in the Islands, because even the poorest of Filipinos seem to possess a native dignity and to refuse to take the place of a horse. We rode along a boulevard which is bordered on one hand by the ocean, on the other by beautiful homes. The buildings have all the modern conveniences of escalators, glass bricks, and air conditioning, but none of them is more than four or five stories high because of the danger of earthquakes.

In my ignorance, I asked my guide if we could cover all of the islands in one day. She gave me that "you-poor-dumb-child" smile, and proceeded to tell me that there are four thousand separate islands scattered over a thousand mile range from

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REVENGE

ANDE DAVIS

"But, Sally, you're just being unreasonable about Mr. Gruntch. He's not all that bad. A little malicious, I'll admit. But you seem to think—oh," he broke off, "I've got to hurry or I'll miss that train. Where's my hat?"

Sally tossed her curls stubbornly at her young husband's remarks. "Now, Bill Sherman," she cried indignantly, "you know he's a nasty mean old man who hasn't got anything to do but plague people. Just because he lives across the hall from us is no reason he should wreck our lives. When I think of all the horrible things he's done to me, I want to thunder and lightning at him."

"Just what has he done—exactly?" queried Bill patiently, edging toward the door, his eye on the clock.

"Oh, you've been out of town so much you wouldn't know. But, darling, he—well, he swipes the morning paper and the milk every day and reads them—I mean the paper—and drinks a glass of the milk before he brings them in and leers at me and says, 'I had to borrow a little from them that has for one of them that h'ain't. Thanks, Sal ol' gal.' He calls me 'Sal ol' gal' all the time and it makes me furious. Then he calls me up at three o'clock in the morning on purpose to wake me up and laughs and says, 'Why Sal ol' gal, what are you doing up so late?' And, Bill, he pulls our light switch out all the time and puts dead rats on the dumb waiter and greases the door knob and—"

"Yes, I know," replied Bill seriously, "but after all, honey, those are just silly

kid tricks. I know they're annoying, but you shouldn't let them get you down."

Sally's flashing green eyes softened at Bill's worried frown, and she stretched up to kiss it away, then stood snug within his arms for a moment, rubbing her cheek reflectively against his lapel. The relieved young man, believing the storm was over, patted her shoulder soothingly, although sometimes he scarcely knew what to do with this high-strung, temperamental girl he had fallen so madly in love with in his own quiet, solid way and had married scarcely eight months ago.

Suddenly Sally jerked her chin up, and the tiny sparks blazed up fiery again in her eyes and were threatened with extinction by a flood of unshed tears. "Bill, you do agree with me about what happened this morning, don't you?" she pleaded. "I'll never forgive him for taking Poojy out of the building on purpose while I was out shopping, and carrying him down on the street so the dog catchers could get him just 'cause he didn't have his license yet. And there I had to stop everything and go all the way down there—" she broke off for breath, then plunged on—"and bail him out. It took all of next week's grocery money, and that'll upset the budget—"

"Sally," interrupted Bill, "I do see your point about Poojy, but I've got to go. We'll talk about it when I get back Monday."

"And then, there was Poojy with all those old mongrels," went on Sally ignoring him, "I just know he caught some dreadful disease."

"Sally," pleaded Bill, "I've got to go! Goodby!"

"Oh, goodby, Bill. Hurry back, darling. I get so lonesome with you out of town. If it wasn't for Poojy, I'd just die! When I think of that Gruntch man—"

Bill bolted hastily, slamming the door behind him. Sally stood where she was, alert, every curl quivering with vivacity. Then slowly she smiled, and quietly she walked to the window and stared out. Poor Bill. He was such a dear, and she did adore him, but he would never be able to follow her sudden flights of mood. He was solidity to her, a dear strong support. When she wanted to frolic, she let out her spirits and pep in a romp with Poojy by kneeling on the floor and barking ferociously at him. Then she would twirl around on the piano stool and play a snatch of Rigoletto which always made Poojy sit upon his hind legs, one ear flopping over his button of an eye, and howl a mournful solo. Oh, he was such a satisfactory doggie!

Effervescing with sudden happiness, she skipped to let Poojy out of the kitchen. Instead of bursting out like a white fuzzy ball with three black dots of eyes and nose at one end and a never-still powder-puff at the other, he came slowly and painfully. Sally stared at him. "Come on, Poojy, come on, baby," she cooed, clapping her hands together.

The little dog gazed at her indifferently and flopped down heavily.

"Quit fudging, Poojy," cried his mistress, twirling around on the piano stool and breaking into Rigoletto, "come on and sing!" Poojy wagged his tail feebly and a faint gleam came into his eyes, but he made no attempt to move. "Lazy!" stormed Sally "Let me get your ball." She danced lightly out of the room. Poojy tried to

rise, then, but fell back quite still with a thump. Sally, returning, nudged him with the toe of her white pump.

"O. K., puppy, jump up. 'The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy sleeping dog,' " she added, leaping over his limp form. He didn't move. "Poojy," she cried in sudden terror, kneeling beside him and poking his fat little ribs with her finger. Then the truth settled on her gay spirits like an extinguisher snuffing out a candle.

"Oh, Poojy." She sat somberly staring at him until her shock lessened and she was able to cry with great gusty sobs for this playmate, this dog on which she had lavished all the tender care she used to give her favorite rag doll. Leaning back against the wall she stared ahead while caressing the dead dog's curls with a gentle hand. She sat there for a long time. When twilight came she arose and mechanically began preparing supper for herself.

Then like a display of Fourth of July fireworks, anger flared up in her. Poojy never would have died if that—that—bunch of Gruntch across the hall hadn't gotten him in that unsanitary pound where he had to mix with dirty mongrels and had contracted some awful disease. This was the limit! Someone had to do something about that man and Sally felt entirely capable of coping with him. All evening she schemed. What revenge was adequate for such a monster? Arsenic in his coffee? Substituting sulphuric acid for his bottle of mouth wash? Serving him his own toes fried in butter? "Oh, Poojy, darling," she thought as she went to sleep in her cool bed, "I'll chew that man up just like you would if you were here."

The next day being Sunday, she arose and went to church though it was blisteringly hot. When she opened the door of

(Continued on page 25)

Impressions

*Remember the discovery we made
That morning, just before sunrise
When all the world was listening?
We dipped into a tiny harbor
Bordering the sea
And we both looked up together
And saw a cozy village clinging to the
 hillside;
The black mountains were hovering over
 it
Like a warm mother;
And the sea played with the shore below.
It had fields all about it, pale green,
And the sheltering trees spoke of content-
 ment.
Never before had we seen anything
So quiet—so lovely.
We had found peace.*

*Loth to leave, the summer sun
Laves ripe fields with golden light
And warms the earth with its last linger-
 ing glance—*

*Reluctant summer breezes
Snatch familiar scents—clean sweet hay,
The smell of woods and fields—
To scatter sparingly these last sweet
 fragments
Of warmth and mellow laziness*

*And now in gay abandon colors blaze up
Strong and true—soft yellows, scarlet,
And purple mist.
A mellow haze clasps the earth
To hold it still in peace and fruitfulness
For one last caress—
Then in drowsy warmth summer fades.*

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Whirligig Cooperative Style

We are stumbling in the dark—seeking for something—we know not what. Vainly we search and wildly—ever confused because our goal is fleeting, escaping, evanescent. Vaguely do we wonder why—what is the matter. And yet we have not the time to pause and steer our course back to the paths from which it has blindly veered.

Have you ever taken a moment's quiet solitude to muse constructively upon the faults of your hurried existence? Have you even bothered to realize that something is lacking in the whirligig of your college career?

At Wesleyan as on most college campuses there are two types of individuals—those who do and those who don't. Yet, to hear the un-doers tell it, both these classes are equally busy. They all rush riotously in divers directions. The effect of this clamoring mass of humanity is that of an

asylum of obstreperous fools mumbling jargon.

This sad situation is easily remedied. In a word, the solution is to be found in *cooperation*. Those uncooperative *don't's* need only to take over a few of the duties of the too willing doers. (This latter class is, by the way, in the decided minority.) The small group of harassed campus leaders run (never walk) around with unpolished shoes, a wild gleam in their eyes, their hands fluttering nervously; and ever as they go they mutter in a never ending chant, "What-to-do-first, what-to-do-first, what-to-do-first?"

For the sake of peace on the campus may the consciences of the lazy twinge painfully; may their sleep be troubled and fitful. But may they awake with the firm resolve to accept cheerfully the next thing asked of them. To do it well. To cooperate.



The Unbearthed Jester Quotes



People who live in glass houses should never use cellophane shower curtains.

* * * *

Incredulous freshman to senior as Dr. Gin's chapel talk neared its conclusion, "Does that man work around here—or something?"

* * * *

Betsy Cook says she heard that a Baptist minister has been arrested for preaching submersive activities.

* * * *

Judy, Punch's better-half in the senior class, reading a beauty shop ad, "Get your shampoo and set in our attractive shop." Horrified. "What atrocious grammar! They should have said *sit* in our attractive shop!"

* * * *

PICK-UPS:

Message written by Noel Coward on a postcard showing a picture of Venus de Milo: You see what will happen to you if you keep on biting your nails.

* * * *

Germany has more intelligence per square head than any other nation.

* * * *

The optimist says his glass is half full; the pessimist says his is half empty.

* * * *

A fool and his money are some party.

A sudden sally of wind,
scattering a regiment of leaves,
—the first attack of autumn.

* * * *

Silver tears on night's dark check.

* * * *

Night bound up her raven hair with a shimmering ribbon of moonlight.

* * * *

Night, blushing, cast off her robes,
and appeared as naked day.

* * * *

The fingers of thirsty trees point upward, begging for rain.

* * * *

Shadows are so clever to slip through the careless leaf and limb guards.

* * * *

Silence is the beating pulse of a muffled drum.

* * * *

The moon drips slow tears on my window pane.

* * * *

Her walk is like modern music— it has a definite swing.

* * * *

His mouth drooped and his chin sagged as if the weight of his words was too much for him.

College Shopper

by Ande



Are you a questing little Bo Peep who wants some sheepskin mittens but doesn't know where to find them? Or like Lucy Locket, have you lost your pocket-book and need a new novelty one to match your fall suit? Then, come, be nimble, and hurry, be quick, and jump with me right into the thick of down town Macon so we can nose and browse about to see just what we can see.

First let's be bourgeois and patronize the "ten scent" store (there's usually more than ten odors in there, however, if you count the lunch room with its 15c turkey dinner and the perfume counter with its many scents). The most useful thing to be seen was a little powder scoop to dig up loose powder from your big box to put in your compact. The scoops come in all colors and keep you from having to balance a tiny mound of the pink flesh dust on some stray nail file as you make the transfer. If you're a farm gal and miss the beets, radishes, and turnips of your native barnyard, lay in a winter's supply of dime store pottery made in the bright shapes of carrots, egg plants, "presarved" turnips, or cabbages. Nothing but cactus is fashionable this season in these cheery containers. (Or any other season cause you don't have to water it).

Speaking of vegetables, I found a green lipstick with a Houdini character—goes on green, turns red, and won't come off. You can try it if you want to on the boy friend. You know, make him think you are green with jealousy. And it tastes like a mint julep.

What do you think about personalized matches? I mean the kind that you drag across a rough surface and they scratch, and burst into flame. At the Union you can get fifty packets of matches with your own name on them for one dollar. Just in case you want to light a gas heater or start the fire at a wiener roast.

In case you have a date with a pugilist, the Darling Shop has a pair of gloves that will enable you to win every round. They look like a dainty, feminine pair of boxing mitts and are made of white bunny fur with gay, colored palms of soft cape-skin. You probably saw them first in Mademoiselle.

Whenever I go downtown, I always drop by the Burden-Smith perfume counter just to gape at all the cute tricks they have there. This time I found, looking very strange amid all the colored lights and sparkling glass, a wistful, forlorn scarecrow dressed in a ragged red shirt

(Continued on page 24)



Gullible's Travels

Dear Sis—

Tempus has fugited with such gusto that we are all back in the swing of things again, hardly able to believe that summer is a thing of the past. I can blame our fleet, fickle friend Tempus for the delay in writing too. Every spare moment of late I've devoted to learning the freshmen's names—no mean task, for they are indeed a gigantic body. At first I decided the business of hanging a monicker on each frosh was too, too arduous, so I strolled about greeting them gaily: "Hello, there, mumble!" But as the number of Mumbles increased daily, my own original Angie system of nomenclature waxed too confusing. Therefore, I took Decisive Steps. Now after rehearsing freshmen handles for ten minutes each night, I know 'em all. Clever, huh?

This time of year always carries with it a nostalgic surge of memories, blissful and burning, of my own freshman days. Never will I forget the excruciating embarrassment when they hailed me as the year's greenest freshman; and do you remember when I was familiarly known as "Angie New, the Ingenue"? Even now, an upperclassman, blase and sophisticated, I blush for the poor gauche creature that was Angie in her first college daze. Especially when I am overawed by the supreme poise of these new recruits. They have a good down-to-earth element, though, in the person of one Mary Ann Mathews, from

Columbus. Mary Ann clings to time-honored custom; for example, at the first threat of frost, she donned her annual red flannels, with promise to wear same until Spring. It seems that Tempus slows down a little in Columbus.

With the approach of Fall frost, and red flannels, come those great events, the soccer games and stunt night. In spite of the snorts of derision which ensue when I announce my irrevocable decision to go out for soccer, my purpose holds firm, I am Resolute. Skeeter McLean and I, both feeling we are veritable Hidden Talents, have resolved to hie ourselves to the soccer field each afternoon for practice. You must come for Thanksgiving to see my potential energy become kinetic—(please note influence of Doctor Almand).

The stunt committees are in the throes of their yearly nervous breakdowns now, while racking their brains for Something Different. Sleuthing around in my Angielic fashion I've discovered one committee studying verse books, another perusing scores of music. My Sherlock Holmes instincts are invaluable, no?

I said it's hard to imagine that summer has retreated into the dim, dark, Past. That is especially true of some of our more moonstruck maids—Eleanor Shelton and Lily Lake, for tender reasons of their own, still cling to fond recollections of those three balmy months. Sybil made hay while the vacation sun shone, too—so

much hay, in fact, that she is invited to dances at Duke, Clemson, University of Louisville, and Georgia Tech! Not bad, say I.

Speaking of the male element, Sis, here is the most astounding conversation I've chanced to hear yet. It happened thusly: said Ande to B. Anderson, "B., can you get me six good looking men in tuxedos for next Friday night?" B., quite nonchalant, replied "Surely, and would you like a big football player, too?" My as-

tonishment! I fear Angie is still something of an ingenue—

Curfew rang two hours ago, and writing by an apathetically dim flashlight grows trying on the orbs. Morpheus and three monitors (grim determination on the part of the monitors) are beckoning to me, so good night, sister mine.

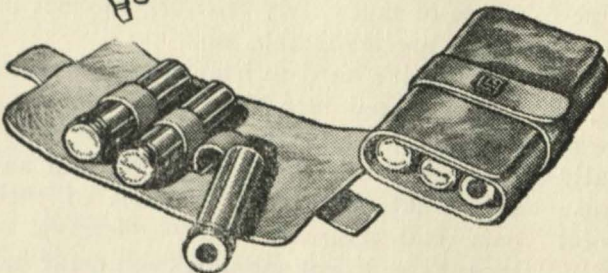
Yours on the verge of a major call down,

Angie



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SOUTHERN AUTUMN

By KATHERINE FRAZER

*Autumn has come to the South again
Trailing clouds of chiffon and silver
mist,
And the South is glowing and glad again,
Like a lovely lady who's just been
kissed.*

*The sunsets are blended from unearthly
shades
Of turquoise and yellow and soft dusty
pink;
And the nights boast proud moons riding
high in the sky
Like slices of orange in some strange
murky drink.*

*At morning, our land is a starry-eyed girl
As the mist steals down in the air—
And the South is vain and enjoys herself
As she shakes ghost-like rain from her
hair.*

AMAZING ISLANDS

(Continued from page 12)

north to south, and, in total land area, corresponding to the combined areas of the state of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. I gave a slight gasp and wondered if the people shrug off "the Japanese menace" with "Oh, well, why not let Japan have the Philippines? They're not very valuable", ever heard what I'm hearing.

Ruth suggested that we take the Southern Island cruise and go by her home in Iloilo, 350 miles south of Manila, and the sugar shipping center of the islands. For the benefit of those sceptics who still think that all Filipinos go barefooted, Ruth told of the educated native population here, and of the Filipinos who have become wealthy and prominent business men, so that Iloilo is known as the city of millionaires. These natives have beautiful homes and magnificent gardens where orchids and exotic tropical flowers blossom as profusely as roses do in our gardens.

We hear Spanish spoken on every side as the language of commerce and of government, since the many dialects of the natives differ so widely that one can scarcely be understood in another section of the Archipelago. The Spanish conquerors dominated the islands for four hundred years and introduced Catholicism and built many churches of sandstone decorated with elaborate hand carvings and stained glass windows imported from Europe. Legend has it that the remains of Magellan are buried near the island of Celun where he landed in the sixteenth century.

I had to give Ruth a solemn promise that I would never again think of a Filipino as a black-skin bogey-man with

barefeet and a cannibalistic gleam in his eyes before she would take me to Zamboanga, which is the last stop on the cruise. This island is at the far south in the Moro country, and here we really saw our barefooted natives! They came out to the ship in *vintas*, which are similar to canoes, have an outrigger for balance, and are topped by many colored sails of cloth woven and dyed by the natives. The Moros are the fiercest-looking of all the natives we have seen. They are half naked and have barbaric designs painted on them in vivid greens, yellows, and white, and they carry murderous looking long swords with blades as sharp as razors. These are called *bolos* and during the week are peacefully used to chop sugar cane, but often find more bloody occupations in native fights on Saturdays and holidays. The children are very friendly, tempting us with ripe fruit and diving like eager fishes into the blue harbor water for pennies which the ship passengers toss.

This scene leaves us with a satisfied feeling that after all, some of the natives do act like the cruise folders and geography books say they do and with the voice of the travelogues we say a reluctant farewell to the Filipinos and their amazing islands, and hope that Ruth Powell will ask us all down for a weekend some time soon, so we can all pick orchids and dance with U. S. naval officers on a volcanic island in a sapphire sea.

BROADWAY VIA WESLEYAN

(Continued from page 9)

leyanne praised her dramatic training at college, the encouragement of the late Harry Stillwell Edwards, Macon author, and the interest of Macon friends as the background of her entire dramatic career.

"OH! THAT WAS HIGH SCHOOL

(Continued from page 7)

—and then his voice—"and you should have seen her fall for it, like a ton of brick—hook, line, and sinker."

I walked slowly toward the group, Nicky following.

"And tonight she was 'so sorry I didn't get to go, and why hadn't I called anyway? Nicky would have understood',"

Another roar of laughter from Woody, and queer strained grins from the others standing there.

And I—I felt like my stomach had leaped to my mouth, and everything in me did a barrel-roll.

Then Woody saw me. His mouth flapped open foolishly.

Nicky had been standing in the background all this time. Then suddenly, I sensed rather than saw his fist shoot forward and make connection with Woody's jaw.

"I'm sorry, Sally," he said to me as Woody sat up stupidly, rubbing his jaw.

The others gathered around and "Guppy", the girl I'd run around with since kindergarten, put her arm around me. I stood gazing in horror and disbelief at Woody.

Suddenly, I felt Nicky's strong arm about my waist, half carrying, half propelling me to the huge roadster outside. Somehow, I was in the car, and we started off. Nicky didn't say anything, as I sat there silent, grateful for the warmth of the car, the darkness and the silent strong presence of Nicky.

I had almost forgotten that we were riding when suddenly I realized that Nicky was stopping the car and saying to me—

"Look, Angel, we're going for a walk and if you can slow down that brain of yours long enough to listen, I'll tell you a bed-time story."

I climbed out, and Nicky picked our

way across the beach to a sheltered stretch of sand. The waves beat restlessly below us, as the salty wind seemed to cool my fevered brain to calmness.

We sat down, and Nicky said blandly:

"Young lady, do you think you're old enough to know the secret of my past?"

I looked up at Nicky surprised, puzzled, and at the same time thinking how wonderful he looked in the soft moonlight.

"I've been waiting years for you to grow up enough so I could tell you I love you. But my scatter-brain little Juliet has been dashing so madly from one Romeo to another, that she hasn't had time to see the love-light shining in my eyes."

I must have looked rather dumb, and I certainly didn't know what to do or say. Nicky, my Nicky in love with me! And yet it didn't seem so strange after all. In fact, it all seemed so right.

The tears began rolling down my cheeks, and I started scuffling through my bag for a handkerchief. Nicky handed me his.

"Well," muttered Nicky, "This is a fine time to start that. Does my little speech terrify you so that that's all you can do? I didn't know that I was quite that bad to take. Hadn't you ever thought you could love me?"

"I've never seen you in a mess-jacket by moonlight before," I sniffled foolishly. "And I think you're wonderful and I don't know why I'm crying!"

"Well, for gosh sakes! Blow your nose, and wipe your eyes because I'm going to kiss you right now, darling."

After that had been properly attended to, and school was out for the day, we walked back toward the car.

"Are you sure you're thoroughly grown up, and like me better than those kids?" Nicky questioned.

"Oh that was high school stuff, Nicky," I murmured, growing up rapidly.

In the car I began, "Nicky, how long have,—I mean—"

He laughed.

"Since the first time I saw you when you fell out of the tree and landed in a heap at my feet, I guess. Only I didn't know it then. Now for three years I've been waiting for you to grow up so that I could inform you of my long suppressed adoration, my pet."

Nicky stopped the car in our drive way and turned, kissing me precisely on the tip of my freckled nose.

"Now, run in and tell your mother she was right, and that I said for her to hurry up and get you through school.—Incidentally, we're going swimming at nine o'clock in the morning, and don't keep me waiting, Angel."

When I had finished telling mother what had happened and given her Nicky's message, I said:

"I suppose that means I'm Nicky's girl now."

Mother laughed and tousled my hair in a soft caress.

"Why, baby, I've known that since you were five years old."

Honestly, mothers are the queerest things!—GEE!

COLLEGE SHOPPER (Continued from page 18)

and a battered old straw hat. Properly enough he was filled with "New Mown Hay". Further on was a miniature student's lamp that certainly would shed a lot of light on the subject of glamour. Up under the little lamp shade are two 100 watt bottles of perfume, one just snappy enough for daytime wear, and the other a wee mite subtler for evening—whenever you want to do your studying. You just pull the lamp cord and the bottles pop right out so you can dabble a drop of "the liquid smell of flowers" right on your hankie.

Since we were bourgeois a bit back let's go hoity-toity now and investigate the arts. Brown's Book Store carries a complete line of all kinds of art supplies for you young Rembrandt's and Van Gogh's, and will also frame your masterpieces at low cost.

In conclusion let me sound a note of patriotism on my bugle. For convenience's sake, in case you should suddenly want to lead a battalion or something, you can buy an American flag complete with stars and stripes, in the form of a pocketbook at the Beatus Shop.

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REVENGE

(Continued from page 14)

her tiny apartment on her return, a dreadful suspicion drifted up her nostrils, but she doggedly ignored it and went about her dinner preparations resolutely. But as the hot hours sailed by, she was forced to let the sacriligious thought bubble to the top of her conscious mind. There was no doubt about it.

Poojy smelled!

He would have to be buried at once or she would be unable to stay in the apartment. "If I really loved you," she murmured, caressing his odoriferous body from afar with still loving eyes, "I would go out and perch on a park bench until Bill got back and give you a proper lily-strewn funeral. Or would dog-tooth violets be more appropriate? Well, anyhow, I've got to remove this perfume of the Valley of the Shadow or buzzards will be pecking through the roof."

The janitor, when his aid as undertaker was requested, gruffly replied that his duties did not include the disposal of dead debris and returned to his perusal of the funny paper. The manager of the apartment wanted to know who she thought he was, a garbage collector? He ordered her to get the carcass out of his building at once.

In despair Sally called the city Sanitary department where a buzzy little voice got very excited over the idea that a dog was dead within the germ-free limits of New York city, accused her with mosquito-like vehemence of starting a yellow fever epidemic, and threatened to get out ordinances against her at the next council meeting unless she disposed of the "thing" by sundown.

It seemed, reflected Sally bitterly, hanging up after her last call, that New York

made no provision to help you bury your dog on Sunday, but if you didn't get rid of it they would persecute you on Monday. Puzzled, she walked down the dark hall from the phone booth to her door. Wash the body down the sink after dissolving it in acid? Send it special delivery to her brother in London? Then, when she entered her front door the first object that met her eye was a massive antique silver pitcher which had been handed down to the first bride in her family for generations. Blankly she stared at it, and a teasing little idea began to tug at the skirt of her brain.

Suddenly she snapped her fingers. "It's fantastic, impossible," she told herself, "but I'll try it. Anything to puncture that man's balloon." Smiling curiously with one corner of her mouth, she picked up the pitcher and started toward the storage closet at the end of the hall where suitcases were stored.

Mr. Gruntch, who was inside his own apartment following his custom of watching his young - neighbors - across - the - hall through a crack in the door, perceived that something unusual was going on. First, he saw Sally, with tear-stained eyes, creep furtively down the hall, carrying her prize possession, the great silver pitcher. In a few minutes she returned with it in one hand and a large old-fashioned carpet bag about the same size in the other. These she spirited into her apartment, glancing guiltily over her shoulder all the while. What in the world was she going to do with the pitcher, wondered Mr. Gruntch pacing uneasily around the border of his living room rug. The next time she sallied forth, it was to borrow some tissue paper and cotton from another neighbor whose door was in plain view of Mr. Gruntch's crack.

The old reprobate scratched his head and thought. It was obvious Sally was pack-

ing the pitcher—but why? But where was she taking it? And why was she crying? Well, Mr. Gruntch was never one to remain long in idle, insatiated curiosity. Soon he skillfully insinuated his way past Sally and wormed into her apartment. A swift glance showed him something wrapped carefully in tissue and padded with cotton in the old bag, and another glance at the shelf where the pitcher always stood revealed it quite empty.

"Why, Sal, ol' gal," he boomed out with a tone of hearty friendship, "what are you packing your pitcher for?"

Fresh tears slipped from the young wife's eyes which she let trickle down her cheeks. Having taken care to remove all make-up, she looked quite young and pitiful.

"Oh, Mr. Gruntch," she sobbed, "in that bag is the dearest thing in all the world to me and—and—I must get rid of it before tomorrow morning. And yet I can't bear to—to—well actually *do* it."

"Before tomorrow morning," repeated Mr. Gruntch under his breath. "That's when Bill gets back. Sal must have gotten in some sort of trouble she doesn't want him to know about and she's got to pawn the pitcher before he gets back." Aloud he said, "Why poor little Sal! You're really too young and inexperienced, my dear, to handle things like this. And I know just how you must feel having to sell something that's so near and dear to you. Now I'm your nearest neighbor, and I'm also a man who knows people, so you must let me take care of the matter."

"We-ell, I don't—" began Sally.

Mr. Gruntch cut her short, "You know old silver doesn't bring much of a price these days. You may not be able to get much for it."

Sally peered at him pitifully over the

edge of a dainty handkerchief. "The money doesn't matter so much," she admitted, "just so I can get it over with."

"Then you must let me help you," insisted Mr. Gruntch. "I'll buy the pitcher for a reasonably good sum and then see later what sort of price I can get."

"We-ell," said Sally, "but be sure you don't cheat yourself by paying me too much."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the man a little surprised that she accepted so soon. "Suppose I give you—er—ten dollars. I reckon I can get that much. And if I can't, well I don't mind sacrificing a bit to help you out."

"Yes, you don't," muttered Sally as he thrust ten dollars in her hand and picked up the bag in an effort to leave before she should stop him. She sank down effectively on the couch and dissolved in tears.

"There, there, don't take on so," said Mr. Gruntch, sliding out the door hastily. As soon as it closed behind him, Sally jumped up from the couch, ran to the door, and leaned her cheek against it.

"Goodbye, Poojy doggie," she whispered. "It's a pretty low down way to get rid of you, but then, Poojy, you never would have died if it hadn't been for him." And wiping her tears away, she reached up behind the couch, pulled out the antique silver pitcher and put it back in its accustomed place on the shelf. Then she giggled mischievously and put on her hat

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with a completely self-satisfied expression. All during the movie she went to see she planned how to tell Bill of her cleverness . .

Several hours later Mr. Gruntch stomped up the stairs of the apartment. 'I'll show that little——' he grunted under his breath. "Thinks she's smart, does she? It's robbery, that's what it is." He stomped with a snort to Sally's door and seemed about to break it in by the sheer force of his anger when his eye caught a gleam of white peeking out from under his own door.

Anger and curiosity glared at each other in his face, grappled briefly, and curiosity won. He crossed the hall and picked up an envelope which he ripped with a dirty fingernail. Two dollar bills fluttered out with a slip of paper on which was printed the following:

For getting Poojy out of the pound	\$5.00
For getting Poojy a license	2.00
For taxi fare to get Poojy	1.00
	——
	\$8.00

Here's your change.

Love,

Sal.

SACRIFICE

(Continued from page 11)

place—it's so clean you could eat off the floor, and they got four rooms and a bathroom all to themselves. I can't bring her back to this.

MRS. MCGUIRE: You love her a lot, don't you son?

DAN: Oh, God—how I love her! She's

so sweet and fine—but what's the use—I'd make her miserable. (*Pause. Dan goes to window*)

MRS. MCGUIRE: Danny, would you go down to the drugstore an' get my prescription filled 'fore the store closes?

DAN: Yes'm (*Turns from window and goes out*) (*Mrs. McGuire sits a minute staring ahead, dejection making her face look old and tired. She gets up slowly and walks painfully to the window, looks out, turns and sinks to her knees by the day-bed.*)

MRS. MCGUIRE: Oh, God! Don't hold it against me—what I'm gonna do. If I could be any use to them, God—but I can't stand in their way any longer. (*she remains kneeling a moment longer, then rises and walks toward the door; she turns, looks slowly around the room, then goes out.*)

(*A terrific crashing of banisters, a dull thud, opening of doors, screams, and excited voices are heard off-stage. Mrs. Lutz rushes in followed by three men carrying Mrs. McGuire. Other neighbors including Ruth crowd the room.*)

MRS. LUTZ: Put her here on the day-bed. Somebody get Danny.

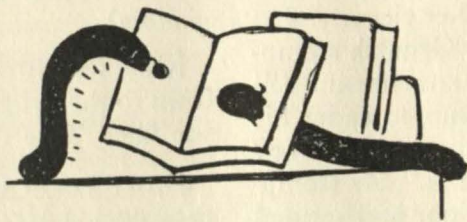
A NEIGHBOR: I'll get a doctor!

RUTH: It's too late! She's dead! I know she's dead! She fell three flights when the railing crashed. Oh, why didn't they fix it! They knew it was rotten! (*Danny rushes in, kneels by bed—others move back and become silent, aw-stricken*)

DAN: Mother, Mother, speak to me! Please—speak to me, Mother!

MRS. MCGUIRE: (*opening her eyes and speaking in a weak, gasping voice*) It's all right, Danny. Everything's all right now. (*dies*)

(*Curtain*)



The Bookworm Reviews

FICTION

THE FAMILY

By NINA FEDOROVA

Boston: Little, Brown and Company—346 pages

The Family started on its road to fame by winning for its author, Nina Fedorova, the Atlantic Monthly \$10,000 prize, but even if it had not been given this official award of merit, it would be recognized as one of the year's best books. The story mixed with gaiety, humor, and sorrow, is of people who have suffered greatly but have kept their tenderness and compassion.

Mme Fedorova has written in the best Russian tradition in a manner somewhat akin to Dostoerski and Tolstoi. Her style is colorful, emotional and understanding, but capable at times of bitter satire.

In the British Concession at Tientsin, China, lived Granny, Mother and the grandchildren Linda, Peter, and Drina, the remnants of a once powerful family of White Russians. They had no money, no hope and no passports, but they eked out a precarious existence by running a boarding house.

The family was a compact group standing, or rather sinking, together; they loved and protected one another with a fierce devotion, but their courage and generosity were sufficient to shelter all the drifters who passed their way. The members of the family are all interesting, especially Granny and Mother who are beautiful, yet sad in their unconscious spiritual generosity; in spite of hardships and exile they cling to the family tradition of responsibility and hospitality.

A stream of unusual characters come to the backwaters of the poor boarding house, each with a definite and striking personality or past. There were, to mention only a few, the bravely ridiculous Madame Militza, who read the cards; Mrs. Parrish, an Englishwoman who drank to forget failure; the young girl Drina Godorova who grasped at a moment's happiness and security, and the formerly famous scientist, Professor Chemor who was extremely unbalanced, but whose ideas on universal brotherhood, morality and religion made sense. There were also Russian nuns, Chinese patriots, converted Catholics, Spanish refugees, Jews and lady adventurers who came to No. 11 Long Street while trying to escape from China in 1937.

This collection of the defeated who still manage to live with varying degrees of bravery would be most readable at any time but its theme of faith and strength seems especially of and for today.

POETRY

THERE ARE NO ISLANDS, ANY MORE

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

There Are No Islands, Any More is a stirring plea to the greatest democracy of all to give the desperately needed war essentials to another great democracy fighting for its life across the sea. It is a single poem published separately, the proceeds from which will go to an established war relief agency. But in these few lines Miss Millay has drawn a most powerful picture of hate and barbarity.

The style is vividly descriptive yet terse. It is written in couplets, but is so full of

deepest feeling and sweep that the short rhymes are scarcely noticed.

This poem is definitely not for extreme pacifists or those in favor of appeasement, but those who feel there are some things in life which are more worthy than life, those who would try to save a friend's life without stopping to count the personal sacrifice involved, or those who for practical reasons wish to save Britain lest "we be left to fight alone", will all find *There Are No Islands, Any More* a clear call of a common cause.

NON-FICTION

TRELAWNY: A MAN'S LIFE

By MARGARET ARMSTRONG

At one time or another we've all read Edward Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley, whose one claim to notice seemed to be his efficient management of Shelley's burial, but his biography by Miss Armstrong shows him as a most glamorous figure, "the man Byron would have liked to be." His life was an almost unbelievable adventure even when told as fact, not fiction.

His career started when his father put him into the hardboiled British navy. He was thirteen at the time, and the purpose of the elder Trelawny was to correct the wild spirit of his problem child. Unfortu-

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nately the harsh navy discipline made him even more difficult and headstrong; after a time he deserted to join the pirate De Ruyter. Then he left the sea and met Byron and Shelley. Besides burying the drowned Shelley, Trelawny offered to marry Mary Shelley, but was refused.

After some years his wild zest for adventure cooled somewhat, but he always retained his love for the unusual, the unconventional, and the exciting. He was totally English in his separate characteristics, but somehow the sum total was most un-British. Although he was gifted, full of life, able to lead others, and intelligent, his life was not a successful one. In spite of his charm and great attractiveness, he was not really liked or admired.

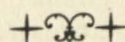
His life sounds like wildest fiction, but his biographer has merely told his story obtained from his letters, his published works, and information from articles about Trelawny and his famous friends.

Aside from giving a new small slant on Shelley, *Trelawny* is most readable as a story of a fabulous life vigorously told. Undoubtedly Edward Trelawney, the romantic, the hot-headed, the undisciplined, was the nearest approach to a flesh and blood Byronic hero and his story should be enjoyed by everyone.

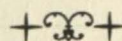
J. M. CARR

PICTURES THAT PLEASE
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WESLEYAN REPRESENTATIVES

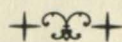
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BIG BLACK JIM

*To Big Black Jim things do not matter;
He's out tonight with a bright mulatto.
His hat is cocked at a crooked angle;
His tie is as loud as a brilliant spangle.
His coat looks like it's camouflaged,
Made with shoulders much too large.
White tombstone teeth in a midnight face
Flash in a smile and fill up the space
Left when those big, red, loose lips
Fall back and curl to their very tips.
His feet are clad in two-tone shoes—
His pants as short as a dressed-up Jew's.
Big Black Jim points with his hand
At the fat, fat lady, and thin, thin man.
Then, to the gate—he stops to pay;
Big Black Jim is out to play.
To Big Black Jim things do not matter,
He's out tonight with a bright mulatto.*

THE
WESTLEYAN

